

"PULLS" LED TO HIS UNDOING.

Bicycle Policeman McLaughlin Was the Victim of Influence.

ARRESTED BLANCHE WALSH

The Actress with Friends Threatens to "Do" Him, and His Fellows Say He's "Done Brown."



The latest victim of the "pull" system is Policeman John McLaughlin, who arrested Blanche Walsh about two weeks ago for riding after dark without a lamp and incidentally scorching. Not long after this incident McLaughlin was transferred to ordinary patrol duty in the East Sixty-seventh street station, under Captain Donohoe.

When you ask McLaughlin whether he believes the fair Blanche "did him up" he shrugs his shoulders and refuses to answer. "It's my duty to obey orders," he says, and that's all you can get out of him. His comrades, however, say that John McLaughlin was one of the best bicycle policemen the city ever had, and that but for his constant and unfortunate collision with "pulls" he would still be on the squad.

To substantiate their assertion they point to the fact that when the newly asphalted Fifth avenue was opened up, McLaughlin was one of the ten cracks selected for duty on this important thoroughfare. He has been in the squad always since its inception and during his five years' service on the force has never had a complaint against him. He could not have been transferred, therefore, they argued, for either incompetence or neglect of duty. McLaughlin is a handsome fellow in the full bloom of vigorous manhood, tall and straight as an arrow. He made his first "break" in the bicycle squad by arresting in December, 1893, the coachman of Joseph H. Choate, the well known lawyer, for reckless driving. The famous lawyer, who was then in the city, was arrested by McLaughlin, who was then a sergeant, and the coachman was fined \$1 by Magistrate Wentworth. Soon after this McLaughlin was transferred to another precinct, though not removed from the squad. The experience caused him to reflect, but did not teach him prudence.

Two weeks ago Blanche Walsh started to ride home from the theatre at which she was playing. Her maid accompanied her, and neither was provided with a light. When McLaughlin attempted to halt them they scorching away. He placed the actress under arrest. She was taken to the station house, where she left her wheel as security for her appearance next morning in court. Both she and her maid were fined. The fines were paid by Blanche's father, "Fatty" Walsh.

Now, it is matter of history that when Miss Walsh was being led to the station house she remarked to McLaughlin, "I'll pull you up my way, and I'll do you for this." McLaughlin said at the time that this irritated him and resolved him to stick to the right at all risks.

Sergeant Kemp, of the bicycle squad, declares that Miss Walsh's "pull" had nothing to do with the transfer of McLaughlin.

HE WAS NOT GLADSTONE.

And That Was Why She Didn't Care to Listen to Him.

"No," remarked the early morning man in the car down from Mount Pleasant; "no, I can't say that I have my wife trained as perfectly as I could wish to have her trained, or that I shall be so fortunate as ever to have her so, but there is a good deal of pleasure in trying to. It at least gives her an idea that she is not perfect, and as long as a man can keep his wife in that state of mind it is almost as much of a comfort as it is to have her just what he wants her to be."

"I wish I could only get my wife to your way of thinking."

"You ever try?" inquired the early morning man.

"Did I?" chuckled the little man. "I should say I did. I haven't been half an hour ago, I had something to say to my wife on the lines you suggest, and was endeavoring to get an opening for my remarks, but she was talking to such an extent that I had no show at all. Finally, quite driven to desperation, but not wishing to do anything violent, I merely gave her a hint of the situation by telling her that when Mr. Gladstone talked his wife always listened in silence. And did she take it as I intended?"

"Did she?" inquired the early morning man, with much interest.

"Did she?" chuckled the little man. "Well, says she to me, 'I don't doubt it at all, but think you it was that Mrs. Gladstone was listening to, and then she went right ahead with her conversation as if I hadn't been within ten miles.'"—Washington Star.

One Way to End the War.

"Do you think that Spanish prisoners ought to be received with special eclat in this country?"

"Certainly," answered Miss Cayenne in a tone of gentle sarcasm. "We ought to make it so pleasant for them that all the other Spaniards will grow jealous and try to be captured, too."—Washington Star.

THE successful man makes a specialty of studying his audience. That is, if he has any hopes of maintaining any high standards. Take Mr. Malcolm Williams, the author of the words and music of "I Love My Dolly Best," which is to be published Sunday next in the great Musical Supplement of the Sunday Journal. He has written a song in this instance that no one can hear without deep, heartfelt enjoyment. There is a note of tenderness in every line, and the music is perfectly charming in its simplicity. The Musical Supplement is getting out the best series of popular songs ever offered the public, and wherever the Journal goes, which means all over the world, it finds music-loving people who appreciate its discernment in selecting those songs that will live and give comfort and amusement. Do not miss one of the series.

SHOE NAIL MAY CAUSE HIS DEATH.

New Serum Treatment the Only Chance of Saving Lockjaw Victim.

DIAGNOSED AS "CRAMPS."

Roosevelt Hospital Surgeon's Mistake Quickly Discovered at Bellevue.

"Cramps," said Dr. Rindquist, of Roosevelt Hospital.

"Acute lockjaw," said Drs. Chisholm and Baker, of Bellevue.

Charles McDonald Hazlewood was a dying man when the Roosevelt ambulance surgeon made light of his complaint. There is only one chance of saving his life—a life endangered by the puncture of a shoe nail—and that is by an experiment never tried in Bellevue before.

How the new discovery, anti-tetanus serum, will work in this desperate case is an interesting scientific conjecture. Hazlewood's treatment with it began last night, and not until today can it be known whether it bids fair to be successful.

He is a powerful man, a West Indian negro, and his sufferings in the convulsions of tetanus are painful to witness. It needs the strength of four male nurses to control him. He writhes like a snake, and his knotted muscles can be seen to dance beneath the skin. He has torn several sheets and blankets to shreds. It was not deemed humane to truss him up in a straitjacket, for the confinement would only increase his agony, and in order to give him greater ease he was placed upon a pneumatic mattress, which adapts itself to his contortions.

One little nail is the cause of all this torment. It worked its way into the patient's flesh four days ago, and penetrated the bone. Hazlewood thought little of it. Finding that it incommoded him slightly in the West Thirty-eighth street restaurant, where he is cooped, he took off his shoe and hammered the nail down. After that he felt comfortable for the time being, and did not mind about the incident. He did not even remember it yesterday, when he was stricken helplessly by muscular pains all over the body and was taken to the hospital. He was removed to Bellevue by Dr. Rindquist, of Roosevelt Hospital, whose diagnosis appears to have been wrong.

Dr. Chisholm, the house surgeon, and Dr. Baker had made up no more than a hasty examination of the new arrival when they discovered unmistakable symptoms of tetanus, or lockjaw.

OFFICE AND MEN FELL INTO MINE.

Yale Graduate and Athlete E. W. Johnson Killed by a Land Collapse in Arizona.

Jerome, Arizona, July 24.—Yesterday morning the pining in the forty-five foot level of the United Verde Mine gave way and precipitated the assay office into the chasm, killing three people.

E. W. Johnson, a nephew of the millionaire mine owner, A. W. Clark, and employed as civil engineer by the company, was in the act of entering the building when the crash came. His body was taken out thirty minutes later. He was a graduate of Yale, and pulled third oar with the college crew of '96.

R. W. Beveridge, the company's assayer, was also killed, as was Jacob Carlson, a laborer, who was carrying coal into the assay office.

DRAWING THE LINE.

The hour—midnight. Place—kitchen in millionaire's house. The weather—cloudy, probably rain.

"Tic-tick tick! tick!" This noise came from the alarm clock which the servant, as usual, had not taken to her room, for fear of getting alarmed.

"Tic-tick tick! tick!" This noise could never be heard to a clock; only "tickers" would break the silence thusly with a "tick."

"Drop! drop! drop!" This noise is the lock dropping to the floor. The softly opens and two desperate villains peer through the darkness, and after striking a match and lighting the gas, one of them softly blazes.

"The job is done! Now for the gold!"

"The other is evidently of the same mind, for he takes from beneath his coat a large bag and a murderous looking stick, and beckoning to his pal, they steal softly up the back stairs to break the millionaire's house into his sleep."

As it takes some time to creep up the millionaire's back stairs, we will leave the villains to their work and see what is happening in the rich man's sleeping apartment. Could you see into this room, you would certainly be a sovereign to a bad apple like this. The millionaire is a large, fat man, and a murderous looking stick, and beckoning to his pal, they steal softly up the back stairs to break the millionaire's house into his sleep."

"You scoundrel!" she gasped.

"You scoundrel!" he growled.

"I'll get a divorce!"

"The quicker the better!"

In the meantime the robbers had advanced to the door of the room. Their faces blanched, their hands trembled, and with a bound they fled. These men could rob, but when it came to getting mixed up in a family quarrel—excuse them!—Till Bits.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

One of the heroes now in Cuba is given to indulging in the flowing bowl. One day before he had floated over to the shores of the Gem of the Antilles the colonel of the regiment called him into his tent for the purpose of talking to him like a father, as he had known him for years.

"Now, look here, John," said the colonel kindly, "what do you mean by this sort of thing?"

"I mean to quit, colonel," he responded.

"You mean to quit? That's all right. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a man of more than ordinary intelligence, you have nice people at home, you are of a good family, you are quick to learn the duties of a soldier, you are clean, you look well, you keep your accoutrements in fine condition, you are obedient, you are always willing to take your share of the hardships, you never complain, and, in fact, you are a model soldier with one exception."

"What's that, colonel?" asked John.

"You will get drunk."

"That's enough, isn't it?"

John stood himself by the colonel's table.

"Now, colonel," he said, "if I'm all these good things that you say I am, why not let the drinking go with the balance? You don't expect to get all the cardinal virtues for \$15 a month, do you?"—Washington Star.



MAKING THE HARVARD SWEET AND CLEAN.

The work begun on Saturday night of disinfecting the big auxiliary cruiser Harvard, which recently transported many Spanish prisoners, continued yesterday and will not be completed until this afternoon.

The quarantine tug James W. Wadsworth, which is a floating disinfecting plant fitted up with every necessary appliance, is doing most of the work, taking off detachment after detachment of the crew of 450 men, and large quantities of clothing, carpets and all textile fabrics. While the men were run through one set of disinfecting rooms the fabrics were put through another. The work was facilitated by the boats making trips to and from Swinburne Island, where there is a land plant similar to that on the boat but larger, and while the Wadsworth went back and forth with these loads it continued work with its own ovens and appliances. The entire system was the invention of Health Officer Doty.

The disinfecting apparatus of the Wadsworth consists of a disinfecting room, bi-chloride tanks with separate pumps and hose systems, a pump for salt water for baths and a sulphur furnace with air pumps and a reservoir. There are rooms for the bathing and disinfecting of the passengers, and ovens through which fabrics are passed at such a temperature as will destroy every germ.

The Harvard is also being cleansed in every part, both floors and stairways, walls and ceilings; first with a solution of soda, and then with a bi-chloride solution.

SPITE FENCE WAR IN NEW JERSEY.

Miss Van Nest Shuts Out the Scenery from Mrs. Onderdonk.

It is now probable that the silly season in New Brunswick is to be enlivened by a spite fence war. The spite fence, which, in this instance is a screen, is already in existence, and it is likely that the war will follow as a matter of course.

The fence consists of an iron screen twelve feet square, erected on the property of Miss Susan Van Nest, at No. 51 Paterson street, and across placed to shut out the view of the residence of Mrs. Emily Onderdonk, who occupies No. 40 Paterson street. The Onderdonks and the Van Nests have been neighbors for fifteen years, and never till Saturday had a spite fence arisen between them.

It was shortly before noon that a wagon from a New Brunswick iron foundry drove up to the Van Nest residence and two men began to unload two long iron poles and a huge contrivance of sheet iron. They dug holes about fifteen feet apart three feet inside the Van Nest line, and erected the poles. The day long the spite screen, the sheet iron affair was a screen.

Mrs. Onderdonk could not understand the proceeding and sent a messenger next door for information. Miss Van Nest sent back word that it was none of Mrs. Onderdonk's business. After this declaration of war she came out on her porch and calmly superintended the erection of the screen, paying no attention to the curious looks and comments of the crowd that soon gathered. All day long the spite screen, which effectively cuts off the westward view from the Onderdonk residence, was being set up. The screen was erected, and more people have come up and down Paterson street since then than ever went that way before.

When questioned, Miss Van Nest said that her reason for putting up the screen was none of the public's business. From Mrs. Onderdonk it was learned that the families had dwelt side by side for fifteen years. Mrs. Onderdonk says that she and Miss Van Nest have had no words. She has not told why she refused to buy me a diamond necklace like Mrs. Jewel has."

"Yes, I do! Go to sleep!" answered the rich man.

"You scoundrel!" she gasped.

"You scoundrel!" he growled.

"I'll get a divorce!"

"The quicker the better!"

In the meantime the robbers had advanced to the door of the room. Their faces blanched, their hands trembled, and with a bound they fled. These men could rob, but when it came to getting mixed up in a family quarrel—excuse them!—Till Bits.

INDIAN BLOOD FEUDS.

Playful Habits of the Afridis of the Khyber Pass.

During the time I have been in India, writes a soldier correspondent, the most interesting period was when I was stationed on duty for three months some years back in Landikotal, on the Afghanistan side of the far-famed Khyber Pass. Here I was able to forcibly realize the meaning of "vendetta," as the characteristic blood feuds of the Afridis are quaint and interesting.

The Pass itself is a neutral zone, between India and Afghanistan, but we exercise our dominion over the road that winds through the narrow valley. Here, as elsewhere in Afghanistan, blood feuds are a recognized institution among the tribes. In the past, through the centuries, the Pass has been a scene of bloodshed, resting with that family who last suffered from some defeat or treacherous murder.

When an encounter occurs between two tribes occupying settlements on opposite sides of the road mentioned, one or the other must cross it before commencing firing, as firing across the road is prohibited, but either side they can exercise their friendly feelings toward each other without hindrance.

But this quaint quality is it when the feuds are between close neighbors. Each family, with near relations, occupies a number of mud huts, enclosed in a square area, surrounded by a thick high wall of mud, stone and wood. At one corner of these squares is built a watch tower, thirty feet high, where the family maintains the disposition, and playfully picks off any unfortunate who shows himself in the next square. Constitutionals are therefore confined on both sides, and limited to nightly provisions.

Syllabic Prescriptions.

The physician had told him the name of his malady, but he could not spell or pronounce it ten minutes later.

"Have you any idea," his friend inquired, "how your doctor makes up his schedule of charges?"

"No," was the answer. "But I have an idea it is at the rate of about \$50 a syllable."—Washington Star.

FOREIGN POLICY IN CONVENTION.

MEETS AUGUST 19 AND 20.

Civic Federation Issues a Call for a National Conference at Saratoga Springs.

Representative Men Asked to Meet to Discuss the Disposition of War's Acquisitions.

Chicago, July 24.—The Civic Federation of Chicago to-night gave out a call for a national conference, to be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 19 and 20, to discuss the future foreign policy of the United States. The call is signed by over one thousand representative men from every State in the Union. The call says:

The undersigned deem it desirable that a national conference be convened at an early day to consider the future foreign policy of the United States. The war with Spain gives promise of the overthrow of Spanish power in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the other of the Spanish colonial possessions. The question of what disposition the United States should make of these possessions when peace is reached is one too soon engaging the thought of our people.

Each question impresses as being one of the most serious the American people are faced to consider. It is a new question and one upon which heretofore very little thought has been given by the great majority of the people. Whether the foreign policy of the United States should be based upon a policy of annexation or of separation from it is a question that should be considered in our opinion this conference should be composed of men from all parts of the country, without regard to party affiliation and irrespective of whether they are for or against a policy of territorial expansion, and men whose ability, position and character entitle their opinions to the respectful consideration of the people.

The circular letter sent out by Chairman Henry Wade Rogers and Secretary Ralph Bensley, asking for signatures, stated that the conference would not conduct a war, but would be discussed for any political cause given the proceedings, the object being entirely educational. The responses were prompt and enthusiastic. The list of members of the conference includes: Governors, Mayors, presidents of Boards of Trade, presidents of colleges, lawyers, presidents of banks, labor leaders, leading engineers and manufacturers. While only individual names were asked for, a great many organizations authorized their presidents to sign officially.

QUEER FISH FROM BERMUDA.

The Cow, the Four Eyes and the Mollie Miller Come to the Aquarium.

The steamer Orinoco, from Bermuda, yesterday brought eight tanks of fish for the Aquarium, secured in Bermudian waters by Professor C. L. Bristol, of the New York University.

In the collection are some small, delicately tinted fish called Mollie Millers. They are said looking little creatures, whose homes are around rocks.

There are also specimens of a fish known as "four eyes." With two eyes they see; the others are not eyes at all, but dark spots on the dorsal fin. Some of the four eyes bumped their heads against the tank and are ill.

Three prettily marked Bermuda lobsters were also in the collection, two cowfish and a parrot fish, green, yellow and orange in color, which lies on its side when it sleeps.

BLINDED WHILE ASLEEP.

Awoke to Find Himself in Permanent Darkness.

Emmanuel C. Relchmann, who lives a retired life on his large estate, has been stricken in a strange way. On the day that the papers contained the account of the surrender of Santiago, he was in the city and secured a number of papers. He sat up very late reading. He was slow about getting up, and when called for breakfast, remarked at the meal being served while it was yet so dark, though the sun was shining brightly. It was then that he had been stricken with total blindness during the night. Physicians were summoned, but could do nothing to relieve him, and say that the case is a very peculiar one, as the sight does not appear to be gone, nothing unusual appearing about the eyeballs or nerves.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Higher and Lower.

"I presume," said the wearisome person, "that with your years of experience and chance for observation, you are well versed in animal lore."

"No," replied the livelyman. "Nothing but animal lore."—Indianapolis Journal.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

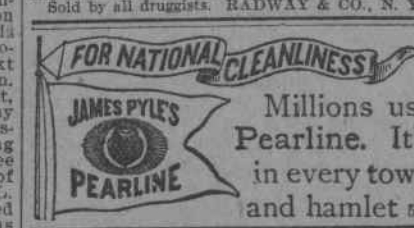
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Radway's Ready Relief to the part or parts affected will instantly relieve and soon cure the sufferer of these complaints. Sold by all druggists. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.



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MEN'S DISEASES.

All secret and private ailments of men cured in a few days; skin troubles, blood poisoning, nervous debility, and general weakness restored. Go to the HALLETT MEDICAL INSTITUTE and consult the best of blood specialists. Hallett Medical Institute, 1111 Broadway, near 34th Ave., no charge unless cured; hours, 9 to 9, Sundays included.

IS BOY DYING FROM A BLOW?

Angry Tailor Who Struck the Lad Ten Days Ago Is Arrested.

Mrs. Lizzie Godbold, of No. 441 East Eighty-third street, called at the East Eighty-eighth street police station yesterday morning and reported that her son William, seventeen years of age, was dying at the Presbyterian Hospital from the effects of a blow given him by Jacob Feinstein, a tailor, of No. 223 East Eighty-second street, on July 13.

She said that her son was not likely to survive the day, and asked that the Coroner be sent for to take his ante-mortem statement.

It was learned that on July 13 a number of boys gathered about the Feinstein shop and taunted him by calling him "Fatty." It is said, caught young Godbold and struck him over the head with his fist. Godbold went home complaining, and, growing worse, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital.

At the hospital it is said the boy is afflicted with meningitis, but whether this is a result of the blow or from tuberculosis of the joints, with which he has been afflicted for some time, is not known. Feinstein was arrested. He admitted having struck the boy with his fist.

STREET CAR MEN FORM A UNION.

Metropolitan Street Railway Employees Organize a Benevolent Association.

It was reported yesterday that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's employees had organized a protective and benevolent association, which is recognized by the company.

Each member must certify that he is temperate in his habits, that so far as he is aware he has no injury or disease which will tend to shorten his life and that he is able to earn his livelihood. Sick and death benefits are provided for the members.

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W. L. TRENHOLM, Former Comptroller of the Currency of the United States.

Capture Meant Death!

This courageous young artillery officer has twice penetrated into the very heart of Spanish territory. Once he went through Cuba and later through Porto Rico as a Government spy. He was

Our Pioneer Soldier in Porto Rico

And obtained much valuable information. CAPTURE MEANT DEATH! Captain (formerly Second Lieutenant) Whitney is one of the many heroes whose portraits are shown and whose brave deeds are recorded in the now famous series, :: :: ::

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